



A Widow Bird Sate Mourning for Her Love

Archy's Song from Charles I

Percy Bysshe Shelley

1824

A widow bird sate mourning for her Love
Upon a wintry bough;
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's sound.

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